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The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

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THE OLD MAID.

I.

O tell me why, though a maid be old,
Her praise may not be sung?
And why her tale may not be told,
How she too once was young,
And lovers came, and lovers wooed,
Yet left her to pine in solitude.

II.

Her dear old schoolmates all are gone;
Her sisters all are wed;
And in cruel hours she twined the flowers
To deck the beauteous head
Of one who stole the heart away
On which her own was set,
And made her rue the luckless day
(And makes her rue it yet)
When a lover came, and a lover wooed,
Yet left her to pine in solitude.

III.

Year after year she dwells alone,
While the world flits gally by;
And the tears they start in her aching heart,
But they never dim her eye;
For her grief in her secret soul abides,
And she wears a cheerful air,
While in her bosom the treasure she hides
Like the lock of a lost one's hair,
And dreams of the lover who came and wooed,
Yet left her to pine in solitude.

IV.

Proudly she bears her sorrowful head,
Wreathed only with Winter curls;
Bravely she bears the jibes and the jeers
The world at the old maid hurls;
For she knows that the lot of woman is hard,
And that in the rude battle of life
Her bosom must often be wounded and scarred,
Whether maiden, or mother, or wife;
So, though lovers came, and lovers wooed,
She would half prefer her solitude.

V.

O! say not her heart is selfish and cold,
And that nothing her love can arouse;
For who but she, to the sick and the old,
Is the angel in every house?
Yes, in trial and trouble the old maid is near,
With a balsam for all our woes,
And she o'en lends an ear and drops a kind tear
When to her the young maiden goes,
To tell of the lover who came and who wooed,
Yet threatened to leave her in solitude.

VI.

Then tell me why, though the maid be old,
Her praise may not be sung?
And why her tale may not be told,
How she, too, once was young,
And lovers came, and lovers wooed,
Yet left her to pine in solitude?

H. C. JR.

PIERRE GRASSOU.

TRANSLATED FROM BALZAC,

FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

Every time that you have gone seriously to visit the exhibition of painting and sculpture, as it has been since the Revolution of 1830, have you not had a feeling of discontent, weariness, and sadness at the sight of the long crowded galleries? Since 1830 there has been really no exhibition. Twice has the Louvre been assaulted and captured by the crowd of artists who support themselves there. Formerly, in offering to view select works of art, the gallery honored the pictures that were there exhibited. From among the two hundred selected pictures the public re-selected, and a crown was offered by unknown hands to the best. Enthusiastic discussions arose about the merits of the various pictures. The abuse heaped upon Delacroix and Ingres have extended their fame, no less than the praises of their fanatical adherents. Now, neither the crowd, nor the critics, are excited about the productions in this bazaar. Obliged to make the selection which formerly the Committee took upon themselves, their attention is exhausted with the work; and when that is done the exhibition closes. Before 1817, the pictures admitted to the exhibition never occupied more space than up to the first two columns of the long gallery in which are the works of the old masters; this year, to the great astonishment of the public, they fill up the whole of the room. Historic subjects, genre pictures, landscapes, flowers, still-life, animals, watercolors, these various specialities cannot give more than twenty pictures worthy the interest of a public who cannot afford attention for a great number of works. The greater the number of artists who apply, the greater care in selection should the Committee show. All interest was gone as soon as the exhibition extended into the gallery. The space ought to remain of a certain unalterable size, in which each branch of art should display only its masterpieces—an experience of ten years has proved the wisdom of the old rule. Instead of a tournament, now you have a row; instead of a fine exhibition, you have a crowded bazaar; instead of a choice selection, you have the entire mass. What is the result? The great artist loses by it. The Turkish Café, The Children at The Fountain, The Torture of Hooks, and The Joseph, by Decamps, would have added more to their author's fame, had they been exhibited together in the large saloon, along with the hundred other paintings of that year's exhibition, than his twenty pictures now lost among three thousand others, and scattered through six galleries. From a singular species of folly, since the doors have been opened to everybody, we begin to hear of unrecognised geniuses. When, twelve years ago, "The Courtesan," by Ingres, the pictures by Signalon, "The Madman," by Géricault, "The Massacre at Scio," by Delacroix, "The Baptism of Henry IV," by Eugène Devaria, were admitted to the exhibition by famous painters accused of jealousy, and taught the world, in spite of adverse criticism that we had young and ardent painters among us,—there was no such complaint. Now that every dauber of canvas can send his work there, there is no talk except of unrecognised people. Wherever there is no judgment, there is nothing judged. Whatever the artists may do, they turn from the examination that really recommends their pictures to the admiration of the crowd for whom they work; without the selection of the academy there is no exhibition possible, and without an exhibition Art may perish. Since the catalogue has become a thick volume, many names appear in it which remain obscure despite the titles of ten or a dozen pictures which accompany them. Among these names the most unknown is, perhaps, that of an artist named Grassou, who came from Fougeres, and is called, in the artist-world, only by that name, who occupies a large portion of the walls, and who suggested the bitter reflections which commence this sketch of his life, and which are applicable to some others among the tribe of artists. In 1822 he lived in Navarin street, on the fourth floor of one of those narrow, tall houses, which resemble in shape the obelisque of Luxor, having a narrow entry, a dark winding and dangerous staircase, only three windows upon each floor, and inside a court, or more properly a square well-hole. Above the chambers occupied by Grassou, from Fougères, was his studio with a view looking out upon Montmartre. The walls were painted in brick-red, the wainscoting grained in brown; each chair was provided with a small piece of carpeting; the sofa was simple but genteel, like that of a grocer's bedroom,—everything about it showed the regular life of a small mind, and the care of a poor man. It contained a bureau in which to lock up the paints, etc., a table upon which to breakfast, a wardrobe, a secretary, and the various furniture needed by a painter, all carefully arranged and dusted. The stove even partook of this careful cleanliness, which reminded one of Holland, allowing it more plainly as the pure, unvarying Northern light fell full upon its clean, smooth surface. Fougères who was simply a painter of easel pictures, did not need the large apparatus which ruins the painters of historic subjects. He had not yet felt in himself the ability to attack high art. At the commencement of the month of December of this year, the season at which the vulgar of Paris periodically conceive the absurd idea of perpetuating their faces, as though they were not already sufficiently known, Pierre Grassou was up early, mixed his paints, lighted his fire, commenced eating a roll dipped in milk, and waited before beginning work, until the frost upon his windows should melt. The weather was clear and dry. While the artist was eating with that air of patience and resignation which tells so much, he heard the step of a man who had had that influence upon his life, which persons of that sort have upon almost every artist's life;—it was the step of Elias Magus, a picture-dealer, a shaver in canvas. Elias found the painter at the moment when, in his neat studio, he was commencing work.

"How are you, old fellow?" said the painter.

Fougeres had obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Elias paid him two or three hundred francs for his pictures; so he assumed artist-airs.

"Trade is bad," said Elias. "You are too pretentious; you ask now two hundred francs as soon as you have put six sous of paint on your canvas. But you are a good fellow, you are; you are a man of business, and I've got a good thing for you."

"*Dimo dunoce si dona ferentes*," said Fougeres, "do you know Latin?"

"No."

"Well, that means that the Greeks did not propose anything to the Trojans, unless it was for their own advantage. Then they said, Take my horse. Now we say, Take my bear. What do you want—Ulysses—Legeingeole—Elias Magus?"

This remark will give an idea of the spirit and skill with which Fougeres used the studio slang.

"I don't say that you shall make me two pictures for nothing."

"Ah!"

"I leave the selection of the master to you; you are an honest artist."

"Well."

"I am going to bring a father, a mother, and an only daughter here."

"All only?"

"Certainly—of course; and you are to paint their portraits. This style of fellow who, crazy about art, never dare to trust themselves in a studio alone. The daughter has a dowry of a hundred thousand francs. You may well paint the portraits of these people, they may be your family pictures."

The old German stick who passed for a man, and who was called Elias Magus, burst into so noisy a laugh that he frightened the painter. He seemed to hear Mephistopheles talking of marriage.

"They pay for the portraits five hundred francs each; you can paint me three pictures."

"Oh, certainly," said Fougeres, gaily.

"And if you marry the daughter, don't forget me."

"Me marry! me!" said Fougeres; "I who am so accustomed to sleep by myself, to get up early, and who have my life all planned out!"

"A hundred thousand francs," said Magus, "and a fine girl, full of fine flesh-tints, like a genuine Titian."

"Who are these people?"

"A retired merchant, just now, a lover of the arts, with a country-house at Ville d' Avray, and ten or twelve thousand livres of rent."

"What trade was he in?"

"Bottles."

"Don't say that. It seems as though I heard him cutting the corks, and it sets my teeth on edge."

"Shall I bring them here?"

"Three portraits. I will put them in the Exhibition. I can launch out in the portrait line. Very well, bring them."

While old Elias goes to find the Vervelle family, it is well, in order to know how the proposition affected the painter, and what result Mr. and Mrs. Vervelle, with their only daughter, would have upon him, to glance at the past life of Pierre Grassou, of Fougeres.

As a student, Fougeres had studied drawing of Servin, who had the reputation in the academic world, of a fine drawer. After that he went to Schinner, to learn the secret of the powerful and magnificent coloring which distinguishes that master; but the master, his pupils, all about him, were discreet, and Pierre learnt nothing there. From thence Fougeres went into the studio of Gros, in order to familiarise himself with that part of the art called composition: composition was shy and inapproachable for him. Then he tried to obtain from Sommerviez, and from Drolling senior, the mystery of their interior effects. These masters allowed him to gain from them nothing. Finally Fougeres finished his education with Duval Lecamus. During these different studies and changes, Fougeres' manners were so tranquil and steady, as to furnish material for jokes for the different studios in which he stayed; but he always disarmed his companions by his modesty, his patience, and lamblike meekness. The masters had no sympathy for this brave youth; the masters like brilliant pupils, eccentric spirits, droll and daring, or subtle and reflective, who show signs of future greatness. Everything about Fougeres proclaimed mediocrity. His nickname of Fougeres, that of the painter in the play called "The Eglantine," was the source of a thousand jokes; but making a virtue of necessity, he took the name of his native city.

Grassou de Fougeres looked like his name. Stout, short, and sallow, with brown eyes, black hair, a prominent nose, large mouth, and long ears. His mild, passive, and resigned air heightened the effect of these principal features of his face—which was full of blood, but blood that was stagnant. He was not likely to be troubled either by the abundance of life, by violence of thought, nor by that comic vein of humor by which we know a great artist. This young man, born to be a respectable member of the middle class, came from his home to be clerk to a dealer in colors,—who was originally from Mayenne, and a distant relation of the family of Orgemont—but determined, with that dogged obstinacy which is the character of the Breton, to become a painter. What he suffered, how he lived during the time he was studying, God only knows. He suffered as great men suffer when they are hunted down by misery, and pursued like wild beasts by the bands of mediocrity and vanity determined upon vengeance. As soon as he felt strong enough to fly with his own wings, Fougeres took a studio at the top of Martyrs' street, and commenced his course.

He made his first appearance in 1819. The first picture which he presented to the committee of the Louvre exhibition, represented a village marriage, copied poorly enough from a picture by Greuze. They refused the picture. When Fougeres learned the fatal decision, he did not fall into any of those furies or rages of mortified vanity to which proud spirits are so prone, and which end by challenges sent to the director or secretary of the exhibition, or by threats of assassination. Fougeres quietly took his picture back, covered it with his handkerchief, and carried it back to his studio, swearing to himself that he would become a great painter. He placed his picture on his easel, and went to his old master, a man of great talent, Schinner, an artist as patient as he was, and whose success at the last exhibition was complete; he begged him to come and criticise the neglected work. The great painter left everything and came. When Fougeres showed him his effort, at the first glance Schinner took him by the hand and said, "You are a brave fellow. You have a good heart; I need not deceive you. Listen: you have fulfilled the promise you made during your studies. When a man paints such pictures, my dear Fougeres, he had better leave his paints reposing in the shop, and not spoil the canvas of which some one else might make a good use. Go home early, put on your cotton nightcap, go to bed at nine, get up next morning at ten, seek some position as a clerk, and quit the arts."

"My friend," said Fougeres, "my picture has been condemned already; it is not an opinion I want from you, but the reasons why?"

"Well, it is dark and grey in tone; you seem to see things through a piece of crape; your drawing is bad, woolly; your composition is taken from Greuze, who conceals his faults by merits which you have not."

As he pointed out the faults of the picture, Schinner saw upon Fougeres' face an expression of such sadness, that he invited him to dine in order to console him.

Next morning at seven, Fougeres was at his easel retouching the condemned picture. He heightened its color; he corrected the faults pointed out by Schinner; drew other outlines for his figures; then, disgusted with it, he carried it to Elias Magus, a sort of Flemish-Belgian Hollander, who had those three reasons for being, as he was, rich, and a miser. He had come to Paris recently from Bordeaux, and commenced as a picture-dealer in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Fougeres, who depended upon his art to pay the baker, lived boldly upon bread and chestnuts, or bread and milk, or bread and cherries, or bread and cheese, according to the season. Elias Magus haggled with him a long time, and offered him finally fifteen francs.

"With fifteen francs receipts a-year, and a thousand francs expenses, one does not get rich fast," said Fougeres, smiling. Magus shrugged his shoulders, and bit his nails, feeling that he could have bought the picture for a hundred sous. For a few days, every morning Fougeres walked down Martyrs street, mingled in the crowd on the Boulevard opposite Magus' shop, to look at his picture, which attracted some of the passers-by. Towards the end of the week, the picture disappeared, Fougeres crossed over, and sauntered up the Boulevard towards the picture-shop, with the air of a man of leisure. The Jew stood in the doorway.

"Ah! I see you have sold my picture."

"Here it is!" said Magus; "I am putting a frame on it, so as to offer it to a person who thinks he knows about paintings."

For a few days Fougeres did not dare to return to the Boulevard. He commenced another picture,—worked at it two months, living as poorly as a mouse, and laboring like a galley-slave.

One evening he went on the Boulevard; his feet carried him to Magus' shop: his picture was gone.

"I have sold your picture," said the dealer.

"What did you get?"

"I got my money back, with a little profit. Paint me a Flemish interior, a study in anatomy, a landscape. I will pay you for them," said Elias.

Fougeres could have taken him to his arms; he looked on him as a father. With a joyful heart he returned to his studio. Schinner, the great painter, was mistaken. In that immense city of Paris, there were some hearts that beat in unison with his; his talent was understood and appreciated. The poor fellow, though twenty-seven years of age, was as innocent as a youth of sixteen. Almost any one else—and certainly a proud and bold artist—would have noticed the diabolic leer of the dealer, the movement of his beard, the sneering turn of his mustache, the movement of his shoulders, which told the satisfaction of a true-hearted Jew at cheating a Christian.

Fougeres sauntered down the Boulevard with a proud joy beaming from his face. He looked like a student who supported a woman. Meeting Joseph Bridau, one of his companions, who had those eccentricities which destine their possessor to fame and misery, Bridau, having, as he said, some sous in his pocket, carried Fougeres to the Opera. While there, he did not see the ballet, or hear the music; his imagination was busy conceiving and painting pictures. He left Joseph in the middle of the evening, and hurried home to sketch by lamplight; made studies for thirty pictures, all of which were recollections of others he had seen, and felt convinced he was a man of genius. Next morning, early, he bought colors, various-sized canvas, laid out bread and cheese on his table, provided wood for his stove, and commenced work: he had some models, and Magus lent him draperies. After two months' solitary work, he had finished four pictures. He invited Schinner and Joseph Bridau to express their opinions about them. Both painters thought they were nothing but servile copies of Dutch landscapes, interiors by Metsu; and the fourth, a copy of Rembrandt's Lesson in Anatomy.

"Always copying!" said Schinner. "Ah, Fougeres, you cannot be original!"

"You ought to do something else than paint," said Bridau.

"What?"

"Rush into literature."

Fougeres bowed his head, like a sheep. He asked, and again received good advice, and retouched his pictures before carrying them to Magus. Elias paid him twenty-five francs a-piece. At this price, Fougeres made nothing, but did not lose anything. He walked up and down the Boulevard, and in a few days returned to see what had become of his pictures, and was singularly surprised. The paintings he had so carefully finished—making them as smooth, hard, and shiney as painting on porcelain—seemed covered with a cloud, and looked like old pictures. Elias was out, and Fougeres could get no satisfactory explanation of the phenomena. He thought the trouble was with his sight. He returned to his studio, to make new old paintings.

After seven years of continued work, Fougeres was able to paint a passable picture. He did as well as all artists of the second class. Elias bought and sold the poor Breton's paintings; and in this way he made, by hard work, a hundred louis a-year, and spent at most twelve hundred francs. At the Exhibition of 1829, Leon de Lora, Schinner, and Bridau, all of whom held a high rank as artists, and headed the advance in art, feeling a pity for the persistance of their old comrade, had one of his pictures admitted to the Exhibition. This painting possessed real interest, but its sentiment was taken from Vigneron, and its execution was in Dubufe's first manner. It represented a young man in prison, having his head shaved. On one side stood a priest; on the other, an old and young woman weeping; a notary was reading an official paper: on a wretched table was food untouched. The light came in through the bars of a window, high-up the wall. There was enough in it to startle the vulgar mind—and the vulgar mind was startled. Fougeres was simply inspired by Gerard Dow's finest composition. He had taken the group of the picture called "The Dropsical Woman," and turned them towards the light, instead of fronting the spectator. He had substituted the condemned man for the dying woman; he had used the ghastly paleness, the same look, the same appeal to God. Instead of the "Flemish Doctor," he had introduced the figure of the notary, clothed in official black, and had added an old woman to Gerard Dow's "Young Girl;" and behind the group he had added the hard, cruel face of the hangman. This piece of plagiarism, so cleverly concealed, was not discovered. The catalogue contained the following:—"510. GRASSOU DE FOUGERES (Pierre), RUE DE NAVARIN, 2. THE TOILET OF AN INSURRECTIONIST SENTENCED TO DEATH IN 1801."

Although poor, this picture had a great success. The crowd gathered every day before it; it became the rage; and Charles the Tenth stopped to look at it; The Queen, hearing of the patient life of this poor Breton, took a great interest in it; the Duke of Orleans asked the price; the priests said to the Dauphiness that the picture was full of good thoughts; that the religious feeling it expressed was very satisfactory;—the Dauphin admired the dusty stones of the prison; a terrible mistake, for Fougeres had given them a greenish tint, in order to express their dampness. The Queen bought the picture for a thousand francs. The Dauphin ordered another. Charles the Tenth gave the Cross to the descendant of the peasant who had fought for the royal cause in 1799. Joseph Bridau, the great painter, had no such honor paid him. The Minister of the Interior ordered two religious pictures from Fougeres.

This Exhibition was to Pierre Grassou his fortune, his glory, his future, his life. To invent in any art, is to die slowly; to copy, is to live. Having, finally, found a vein of gold, Grassou de Fougeres acted out the cruel rule to the practice of which society owes the mediocre talents who are now elected to choose in all social circles those who are best and most deserving, and who naturally choose themselves, and declare war against true talent and excellence. The principle of election by majority, applied to anything, is wrong, and France will yet find it out.

Nevertheless, the modesty, the simplicity, and surprise of the mild and good Fougeres, silenced all envious complaints. Then, besides, he had on his side all the fools who had succeeded, combined with the fools destined to succeed. Some people, moved by the energy and determination of a man whom nothing had discouraged, remembered Dominichino, and said determination in art should be rewarded. Grassou has not stolen his success: it is now ten years that he has been working, poor fellow! This title of poor fellow gained him one-half of his adherents, and most of his congratulations. Pity elevates undeserving men, as often as envy and detraction overwhelms great ones.

The papers did not spare their criticisms; but the Chevalier Fougeres bore them with the same angelic patience that he did the advice of his friends. Feeling rich with his hard earned gains, he furnished his rooms and his studio, painted the picture ordered by the Dauphin, and the two religious subjects ordered by the minister, with a promptness and punctuality that astonished the Minister's friends, accustomed as they were to a much different way of doing business. But see the good result of regularity; if Grassou had delayed, he would have been surprised by the Revolution in July, and would not have got his money.

At thirty-seven, Fougeres had painted some two hundred pictures for Elias Magus, which were entirely unknown as his, but by the execution of which he had arrived at that manner which disgusts an artist, but astounds the vulgar.

His correctness and the confidence that might be placed in his feelings, his good nature and loyalty to his friends, made him very dear to them; if they had no respect for him as a painter they loved the man. His comrades said, how unfortunate that Fougeres has the vice of trying to be a painter.

And yet Grassou could give excellent advice, just as the writers for the daily papers, who cannot by any possibility write a book themselves, can tell exactly the faults there are in one; but between Fougeres and these book-critics there was this difference, he was keenly alive to the beauties of a picture, and recognized them quickly, and his advice was so just, that its correctness made it acceptable. Since the Revolution of July, Fougeres has sent to the Committee of each exhibition about a dozen pictures, from which they have usually accepted four or five. He lived with the greatest economy, his only servant being the old woman who took care of his rooms. For recreation he visited his friends, went to see works of art, took short trips about France, and formed a plan of going to seek inspiration in Switzerland. Though a poor artist he was an excellent citizen, he mounted guard, attended the reviews, paid his rent and bills with the most praiseworthy exactness. Having always lived in poverty and work, he had had no time for love. Up to that time, poor and a bachelor, he had not dreamed of complicating his simple life. Unable to think of any way in which to increase his fortune, he carried every three months to his notary, the amount of his savings and his gains for the quarter. Whenever the sum in the notary's hands amounted to a thousand crowns, he invested them in a first mortgage, with a claim upon the wife's right of dower, if the borrower was monied, or with a bill of sale for security, if the borrower paid a share. The Notary collected the interest, and added it to the principle. The painter looked forward to the time when the amount of his investments should produce the imposing figure of two thousand francs income, to take then his *otium cum dignitate*, and paint pictures worthy of an artist.

His dream of highest bliss in the future, the grand result for which he hoped, if you would know it, was to enter the Institute and wear the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. To sit at the side of Schinner and Leon de Lora, to be chosen to the Academy before Bridau, to have a ribbon in his buttonhole. There's a dream for you, but only little minds think of everything.

— A complete set of the London *Times* for the past thirty years, has been presented to the library of the Boston Athenæum, by Russell Sturgis, Esq., of the firm of Baring Bros., of London. There has been hitherto no file of this paper in any public library in Boston.

Special Notices.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

The Saturday Press Book List.

The readers' particular attention is invited to our WEEKLY BOOK LIST, on the first page. In this List we give, regularly, the title, size, price, publisher, etc. of all new books, American and English, as fast as they issue from the press,— the information being collected at great expense of both time and money, and with the exclusive object of giving additional value to our columns. To all persons interested in the purchase or sale of books, this list is invaluable, especially as nothing approaching it in completeness or reliability can be found in the country.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Any person subscribing, between this time and the first of January next, for THE SATURDAY PRESS for one year, will have delivered to him, free of charge, a copy of Thackeray's "Virginians."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our friends who intend to renew their subscriptions to the SATURDAY PRESS for the ensuing year, will please to do so at as early a day as convenient.

A WORD IN SEASON.

We take the liberty of suggesting to our friends that as good a Christmas or New Year's present, in its way, as they could select, would be a *year's subscription to* THE SATURDAY PRESS. An obvious advantage of such a present is that the recipient would be pleasantly reminded of the donor every week during the year.

"PIERRE GRASSOU."

The story by this name on our first page, translated from Balzac, is to be concluded next week.

THE GALLOWS.

It has often struck us with much force that the loudest defenders of the Gallows are to be found among the class of people who are the most prominent candidates for its honors.

This, to say the least, is disinterested.

Moreover, it is not at all strange.

That the ruffian and the bully should believe in taking life—and taking it in the most horrible and ghastly way—is in the natural order of things. It is a part of their religion; the part they generally live up to: at any rate, the part they most enjoy.

A hanging-scene, even on the stage, is their delight.

Having no brains to speak of, they believe in nothing but brute force,—a characteristic of brainless people the world over.

They never even talk to you, except with the understanding that if you differ from them they are ready to go into the ring and fight it out.

In a word, they are mere animals, and go in for the animal-way of doing things.

But how is it that other men—men who are neither ruffians nor bullies—men calling themselves Christians even—go in for the same thing?

That is a question we confess our utter inability to answer.

Somehow or other the cowardly old Jewish idea of an "eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth," has got so deeply rooted into men's minds, that it cannot be got out.

It appears to be a part of their nature. They wouldn't hang anybody with their own hands,—the Christian portion of them wouldn't,—but they would like to have the hanging done; so they leave it to the State, which has always had a mischievous and a murderous turn, and seems to like the hideous fun of the thing.

They don't believe it is doing as they would be done by, or forgiving others their trespasses as they would have their own trespasses forgiven (God help them!), but they trump up a theory that Christianity, though a very excellent religion in a small way, is not adapted to a State, and ease their consciences in that way.

But if Christianity is not adapted to the State, it is not adapted to the individual: and it is time that this nonsensical system of having two codes, one for the State and the other for the individual, were scouted out of existence.

Either Christianity is true, or it is false.

If it is true, it is adapted to all the emergencies of life.

If it is not true, it is not adapted to any of the emergencies of life.

We believe that it *is* true, and that it is not only a safe guide, but that it is the only safe guide, in every emergency in which the individual or the State may be placed.

This is wherein it differs from all other religions.

To the very natural question, What we would have done with the murderer, we have only to say that we would have him placed where the temptation to kill, and the spectacle of killing, were not before him.

In a word, we would remove him from the society whose laws he has outraged, or whose vicious example he has followed, and place him in some institution where every inmate should be constantly employed in useful labor, and treated, in all respects, as a human being belonging to the same great family with ourselves should be treated.

As for treating him cruelly, there are few of us sufficiently free from guilt ourselves to warrant us in torturing, or in any way hurting or harming even the most notorious and abandoned of criminals.

Men admit this in a sectarian or theological sense, but when you come to apply it to practical life, they suddenly assume to be possessed of all the virtues, and to have the right to visit upon an offending brother all the atrocities of the Law, and to deprive him of all the amenities of the Gospel.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our readers will have the kindness to observe that THE SATURDAY PRESS, in its Weekly Book-List (see first page), publishes a greater variety of literary intelligence than can be found in any other journal in the country, or, for that matter, in the world. Moreover, all the information thus given, is derived from authentic sources, and can be relied on, therefore, as absolutely correct; whereas three-fourths of the literary items which find their way into the columns of the daily and weekly press, are either wholly destitute of truth, or so inaccurately stated as to be without the least practical value. This may sound like boasting on our part, but considering that THE SATURDAY PRESS is the only journal in existence which has ever been at the trouble and expense of furnishing its readers with a complete list of New Books, and Books in Press, we have a right to boast, and wish the public distinctly to understand that we do so. Indeed we go so far as to say that no man interested, directly or indirectly, in the purchase or sale of books, can dispense with THE SATURDAY PRESS, without serious loss to himself. As for Book-publishers and Book-sellers, in every part of the country, THE SATURDAY PRESS is invaluable to them.

COMIC.

The *Sunday Courier* is one of the most comic journals in the country. The editor is always running over with the raciest (fastest) Sabbath-day humor. We don't know but he would be funny even in an ordinary everyday paper. In the *Courier* he is really "immense." For instance, in the last number of that mirthful sheet, his wit, taking an indignant turn, (think of it!) leads him to deny a statement in the last number of the SATURDAY PRESS, that there are certain journalists whose opinion can be bought at so much a line. The editor of the *Courier*,—dear, good man,—never heard of such a thing, can't conceive of it, wouldn't believe it (evidently wouldn't), if he saw it under his own nose. Now the rampant humor of this incredulity, coming from a Sabbath-day editor especially, is inimitable. It must have amused his "constant readers" enormously. The conductor of a Sunday paper in New York not know that editorial opinions—opinions on everything—on books, newspapers, hats, boots, shoes, pills, liquors, and so on to the end, can be bought at so much a line! Really, Mr. Editor, this is carrying the joke a step too far. Pray don't say such things any more; for, after all, though men may laugh at them for a while as congenial and characteristic pleasantries, they make you appear ludicrous rather than funny, and after people have done laughing at them, they will commence laughing at you—and then what becomes of the *Courier?*

PRIMITIVE INNOCENCE.

A paper published in Portsmouth, N. H., is greatly incensed that THE SATURDAY PRESS should make a distinction between politicians and patriots, or between sectarians and Christians.

Evidently in Portsmouth they have nothing but high-minded lovers of their country, and self-sacrificing lovers of Christianity, who would be as much shocked at anything like political or religious intrigue, as so many young girls just out of the High school.

We wouldn't destroy their illusion for the world, but we cannot help saying they had better not leave New Hampshire.

'BEULAH' AGAIN.

I, too, have read 'Beulah,' oh, Ada Clare! and it does not add up for me as it does for you, yet do I not altogether like it. It is an earnest, un-everyday book, full of thought, if not thoughts, and it seems to me more suggestive of power, than powerful.

Some one has said with unjust sarcasm, that it is easier to find out the faults of a good book, than to write a better one. That this is so, is surely no reason why those who cannot write the book should overlook its defects.

To the person of cultivation and average intellect, who reads a book of this kind at one or two sittings, it becomes in some sort a picture, in which he beholds at once all the beauties and blemishes. In this he has the advantage of the author, who works out his characters bit by bit, by the labor of many days, subject in heart and brain to influences physical and mental, which lend daily a coloring of their own to the work of his hands, resulting, perhaps, in faults and inconsistencies unperceived by himself, but plain to his readers.

I used sometimes, in idle moods of my school-days, to amuse myself by poring over a page of English print, in a patient but vain effort to give it the aspect of a strange language—to see it with the eyes of a foreigner. It is an impossibility. We read a foreign language word by word from the surface, as it were. Every word stands out clear and distinct by itself, destitute of that careless, unconscious blending of phrase with phrase, sentence with sentence, with which we dream over a page of our native tongue.

An author's book is his dialect; and to impartially examine and criticise it in detail, becomes a task more difficult to him than to the least gifted of his readers.

Perhaps not one in a thousand of those who have read the book, could have written 'Beulah.'

But we all see that some of its personations are crude and inharmonious to the last degree.

It seems incredible that one who writes as some portions of 'Beulah' are written, could have limned a character so tame, and weak, and wanting in truth to its original conception, as Eugene Graham. One feels that to carry out that conception he should have sinned, if at all, splendidly, retaining in his fall some traces of a fine nature and unusual abilities. But he is the merest commonplace "dissipated young man," with the narrowest possible social opinions, expressed in the tritest of stereotyped terms. From first to last the only proof we have of Eugene Graham's boasted talents is the word of our author; and when the book is closed, we leave the man as we found the boy—a being of splendid *promises*.

Beulah herself is vexation of spirit; one of that class of heroines no longer new, the prototype of Jane Eyre,—yet mark! Ada Clare, not to be disposed of as an "imitation." A strong, self-reliant, and one feels obliged to add, *good* character, as grim and downright as her name, with a sort of brusque honesty closely verging on ill-breeding, and a defiant way of upholding her own opinions, one cannot help thinking Beulah Benton the most unprepossessing of characters. Intellectually, she is the superior of Miss Brontë's heroine; but personally, she never excites in us a tithe of the interest which makes us eagerly follow the fortunes of Jane Eyre, and draw a long breath of satisfaction when she at last becomes Rochester's.

I question, indeed, if the majority of Beulah's readers experience any pleasurable sympathy in the scene which reunites her to her long-absent guardian. She appears always too cold-hearted, too devoid of those attributes with which we instinctively invest youth, to arouse in us any warmth of emotion.

Even in these days of female authorship, when almost every woman has ventured—if ever so little way, still ventured—within the charmed borders of Bohemia, this young lady, to whose literary aspirations everything else must give way, who selfishly sacrifices to a passion for fame, years of a man's life,—accepting him at last, only when the incense of that fame is no longer fresh,—excites in us nearly the same degree of awesome repugnance, with which the dames and men of forty years ago regarded a genuine specimen of the bluestocking.

Yet however unattractive the portraiture of Beulah may be, it cannot be charged with inconsistency. I incline to the belief that this character, and that of Dr. Hartwell—fine but unfinished—are the only prominent ones in the volume which are true to the author's evident idea. Dr. Asbury cannot be called original; he is the "good old gentleman" of novels. Pauline is rather a sketch than a character; and Cornelia Graham is a mystery. From the first appearance of the latter in the schoolroom of Madame St. Cymon, to the very last scene of her life, one is constantly expecting to read the riddle, and as constantly disappointed.

'Beulah' belongs to that class of books which take up a single question, and make it their prime object, bringing all their powers to bear upon its elucidation.

The author has chosen a theme interesting to all, and right earnestly has she taken hold of her work. Yet her process is scarcely new. It is doubtful if the course of reasoning which Beulah pursues, and which leaves her at last with no *belief*, only a *faith*, has not been followed almost in detail, by most of the thinking men and women of this age, with various results. And this is where the book touches the sympathies of its readers.

In its metaphysical character lies the power of 'Beulah': and the deep and well-conned reading, and the masterly handling of abstruse and perplexing subjects displayed by its author, will give and hold for it a place in the mind, which it will never occupy in the heart.

JULIETTE H. BEACH.

Albion, N. Y., Nov. 21st.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

No. V.

Attracted by its very original title, I have been tempted to read "Henry St. John, *Gentleman*." It has not been hard reading, for the style is graceful and unpresuming. The plot of the story is of the ancient, worm-eaten type, turning upon intercepted letters and Italian tiring-women. It is a dreary mode for to-day: one might as well try to resuscitate the gored dresses and powdered wigs of the past. The book seems to me to be in a fluid state; it wants consistency; it is what children call sloshy. It is too much like literature on tap—the chapters suggest the division into pints and quarts. Yet there are many charming, graceful little bits of description sown through the work. Further, I suppose it contains a fund of useful and interesting information concerning the early revolutionary history of Virginia, which if I do not appreciate, the writer is certainly not at fault. I have never shown a proper interest in my revolutionary ancestors; to me they have ever been dismal and lorn beings. Patriots, as a class, I know are noble creatures, but they are seldom interesting. Yet I never passed, on the Champs Elysées, the statue of the sublime Maid of Orleans, without the involuntary reverence of a bowed head. To me there was something awful in the simplicity of that kneeling form, with its upturned, utterly tragic face. I have sometimes thought that I heard a thrill break through the grief-stricken mouth, and saw a light burst out from the grand, sad eyes, 'gainst which the sun's light shone drear and dim.

"Henry St. John, Gentleman," shows the evident impress of a woman's hand. Nay, there are many passages in the work that it would grieve me to the heart to believe any but a woman could write. I cannot, oh! I will not believe that our men have become so depraved, as to acquaint themselves with the mysteries of a woman's hairdressing, or the arrangements of the upsettes on her shoes. The knowledge that she wears hoops can only be given over to the most abandoned of men.

***

There is a rumor afloat that the Harpers offered a prize for the most inane story that should be sent them during the last month. Rumor goes on to say that nineteen hundred stories competed for the prize, but the "*Armistice*" carried the day triumphantly. And matchless indeed is the inanity of that story; it is the very marrow of stupidity, the Jove among dunces. Nothing I know of could be compared to it for idiocy, but a story published a few months ago, called the "Rainy-Day." The Messrs. Harpers, who are certainly the keenest-witted publishers in the country, must have some sly reasons for publishing such stories. I feel personally abused when this Magazine becomes dull, because I have taken a peculiar interest in it hitherto for its entertaining matter, and because the Easy Chair once published an anonymous letter from me. "Regular Habits," and "Veni, Vidi, Vini," are good opiates; they would cure the ear-ache, and the patient may be assured that the remedy is not much worse than the disease. Miss Cheesebro' has a story also in the last number. I felt little interest in the plot, but whatever that lady's hands find to do, she does in an interesting manner. She has never visited the realm of the commonplace even in her dreams. For which four or five times, beloved virtue let her name be forever blessed!

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People talk of being surprised because the "Sicilian Vespers," of which everybody admires the music, has not met with the very great success it merited. It has perhaps been owing to the fact, that the Prima Donna could not interest her audiences. Cortesi or Cruvelli would have insured its success, because they would have been able to magnetise the audience. No one could accuse our poor little Colson of doing that. Either the audience or the Prima Donna must command. They will either give her their admiration as a natural tribute, or as a simple patronage. The first never palls; it is like the light of the sun by which we live; while the other is the glimmer of the street-lamps, trimmed and lighted for a consideration. We all of us worship the sun as naturally as we breathe, while amateur lamplighters are certainly rare.

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A reply to my remarks on "Beulah," appeared in the last number of the SATURDAY PRESS. Only one line of it struck me. That was the author's desire to present Miss Evans with "a pair of white elephants." It would be a very unsafe thing to be admired, if admiration could call forth not only the desire, but the power to bestow such weighty tribute. Different minds of course would express themselves by different beasts. Mrs. Stowe, for instance, the morning after the issue of the "Minister's Wooing," might have found the silence of her back-garden broken by the brays of a pair of zebras united to the howlings of a small family of hippopotami. What would Laura Keene think, if she were forced to accept as a tribute to her talents, an unsophisticated Bengal tiger, and a nice, fat, enterprising boa constrictor? Imagine the emotions that would swell the beautiful breast of the Cortesi, if her rendition of Sappho should call forth a mastodon and a pair of sperm whales! If the idea were properly carried out, the occupation of bouquets were gone. Every theatre and opera-house would be provided with a menagerie on its ground-floor, for the accommodation of the enthusiastic young men who might wish to compliment the Prima Donna with a beast. In the very moments of his frenzy he might rush forth and purchase a eulogistic rhinoceros, or an adulatory crocodile. Mechanical contrivances of ropes and pulleys could then be managed for letting the beasts down from the roof. This invention would not only avoid the necessity of marching the beasts through the audience, but would afford a sweet and cheerful surprise to the artist, who should find herself suddenly crowned with a chaplet, not of bays, but of bears.

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"Sword and Gown" is truly an entertaining book. It is quite refreshing after the apotheosis of the rigmarole which our Press now seems to be. The writer has risen so far above his last production, that he must have gone up in a balloon from "Guy Livingston" to this. It is full of genial wit, and delightful, saucy, racy writing of every style. The tragedy at the end was totally unnecessary; it was wilful murder.

I confess that though I often admire the writings of men, it always pains me to see a man exposing himself to general remark and to the gaze of women, by thus coming publicly forward. The sacred precinct of home is the true sphere of man. Modesty, obedience, sobriety, are the true male virtues. We love to see the sweet male violet hidden under domestic greens. I mean not to say that men have never succeeded in writing; but compare them with the great mistresses of art, and where are they? Echo answers, "Gone out for a horn; in case of fire, keys may be found next door." There is something effeminate in the literary or artist man, that our sex repudiates. We do not want man to be too highly educated; we want him sweet, gentle, and thick-skulled. There are many things he can learn with impunity. He should learn the multiplication-table, for instance. He should learn to read, also, because the works of Mrs. Sherwood, T. S. Arthur, and the publications of the American Tract Society, should sometimes beguile his gentle hours; but above all things in his education, let not the sacred dumpling be neglected. Do not suppose I would keep the man in ignorance; but why puzzle his brain, built for the cultivation of the moral sense, with such abstruse sciences as geography, history, grammar, spelling, gauging, etc.

It must not be supposed we do not love men; in their proper sphere we are willing to love, cherish, and protect them. But we do not want them as rivals—we wish to be able to unbend to them. Their strength must lie in their weakness. When we take them under the wings of our love, let them not take to crowing.

Let no profane woman suggest that men have a right to enter the arena of the arts, in proportion as they exhibit a capacity for them. I will indignantly ask what capacity has to do with sphere? I will brand her as a dangerous radical, if she say that whatever nature has fitted him to do she exacts of him. I will ask her if she means to say that these things are to be managed on so low a scale as that of nature and truth? We want all our men alike to the least atom, and all of them steeped in the kitchen to the very lips.

Let puddings be made, though the heavens fall!

Vain will it be to enumerate to me, the great things men have done. In the first place I will intemperately deny the existence of those things. If you corner me so that I am forced to acknowledge them, I will retreat to my great stronghold, that we don't want intelligent men, that our choice is only the angelic dunce.

On the other hand we wish their moral and social virtues to be developed to the utmost. The moral sense of the man, the perception of the man is too sweet to be trusted to the companionship of mental ability. Don't tell me about the great, dignified, free-willed, God-stamped soul, with its birthright of immortality and the possession of itself, which cannot be traded away for a mess of society's cold pottage. All such illogical arguments I will answer by saying, that if you let the soul get out of its cage for one minute, you will undermine all the foundations of society. Besides the question is not what the man is, but what we women wish him to be. It is radical to call things by their right names. If I choose to call a bootjack a spoon, and use it for sipping my tea, you would be doing a bad thing for society by telling me it would not act in that capacity. For morality must always be indulged at the expense of virtue. Physical force cannot take into consideration any such little matters as justice and truth. When did souls show any muscles; can *they* hit out from the shoulder? As we are brutally the stronger sex, we wish to use men's natures as conveniences. We want to make parlor-ornaments of those natures, by covering them over with conventional putty, stuccoing them according to taste with little virtue-shells, then enclosing the whole within the glass-case of immaculate propriety. Every one has seen and admired those lovely ornaments of shell-work, made in the above manner, looking like sentimental dog-kennels or over-grown pepper-castors just returned from a marine spree.

If through means of this article one intellectual man becomes silly, or one large mind renounces its mental sphere, and devotes itself to erecting the noble home-made shirt, this article will have accomplished its prayerful work, and the writer will not have lived in vain.

THE EAGLE AND THE TURKEY.

In our national aviary the Turkey has an honorable place. His sphere is lowlier than that of the Emblematic Bird. Proudly conscious of the responsibility of his office, jealous of the confidence reposed by more than twenty millions of freemen in his potential pinions and conservative claws, the Eagle beats against the azure gates of heaven, looks with unblinking eye into the splendid heart of the sun—disdainful of earth, save when, lighting majestic on some lofty peak (Pike's, for example), he shrieks the glory of the nation he has the honor to represent to the farthest pole. The Turkey's ambition has a much narrower horison. In his vainest moments, a conspicuous strut to a lively gobbling accompaniment is ample satisfaction to his soul. He desires far more to pleasantly pick his way through life in the poultry-yard, than to soar in the sunshine, or count kindred with the stars. He spreads his wings only for the protection of some oppressed and sorrowing fellow-fowl, or to shake their damped plumage dry. His tastes and habits are all domestic. He regards with equanimity the more brilliant exploits of his lordly brother. The Eagle's constantly increasing reputation gives him no jealous pang. He is contented to stand apart, and share none of the honors which accumulate at the end of that superb beak, and in the corners of those burning eyes.

But homely virtues are still pretty certain to receive a fair share of public appreciation. Brilliant gifts or attainments may dazzle for a time; but after a time, we know it is lack-lustre they are. Great reputations are the favorite carrion of the cruel vulture Society. The "belle of the season" is the shining mark for detraction and ridicule; and perhaps, all embosomed in the flowery compliment that flutters to her ear through perfume, there is a sting that will inflict a rankling wound. We criticise unsparingly our great men. Washington has felt the scalpel. His memory is not let alone; and it is one of the favorite amusements of the day severely to punch the head of Daniel Webster, low-lying many years. Our Eagle does not escape the common lot. We all take pride and comfort in the brave bird. We have him in commemorative brass on our buttons and over our shop-doors. He is let loose in our conversation. Perhaps no people are more thoroughly at home in ornithology than we. But we sometimes make merry, too, at the expense of the winged defender of our stars and stripes; and say things that would cause a depression of his crest, if it were not such a very stiffly stuck-up crest; and freely indulge in equivocal pleasantries directed at each and all of the members of the bird's corporeal frame.

But the shrinking humility of the Turkey is his sure defence. He has no bright fame to be tarnished. Like the very quiet people that are always stealing gently, almost timidly, across our path of life, and are loved by us most dearly, the unassuming bird of Thanksgiving enjoys our undivided affection. Forever insensible to the delights of oyster-sauce, and callous to the touch of "Boned," be the tongue that wags in contempt or ridicule of the favorite fowl!

This general confidence, however, this universal pride, is not to be thus negatively accounted for. The lives of myriad Turkeys that have gone before demand an honest tribute to the exalted heroism which, after all, is the peculiar attribute of this species of the feathered tribe. The Eagle will drown the combined voices of nature, shrieking in our behalf. For us he will flap mightily his wings. He will clutch our colors, and then they cannot grovel in the dust. What foe shall tear them from him in the fight? But—will he quietly lie down and die for us? When was our Eagle known to offer himself up a willing sacrifice upon the shrine of patriotism? The annals of Turkeydom tell of immemorial oblations to the divinity of Freedom. The Turkey is the universal John Brown of the animal creation. His paths of glory lead but to the gravy.

These are our only reflections upon the Thanksgiving of 1859.

Thingamies.

In the Matter of Style.

You will excuse me for not writing "on the European plan," and for refusing to be thin-sliced, typographically, or to become, as to the mind, a crumby thing. The advantages of your short-sentenced style are understood, and (if the unnatural collocation may be made) appreciated. Your "admiring circle" is spared the toils and troubles of intellectual digestion. The dyspeptic may fatten and wax gay upon you. The gentle infant Mr. Heenan, in severe training for Sayers, if all other reading were forbidden him, might be safely suckled on your paragraphs. There is a propriety, too, in the choice of weapons for the war you are waging. The little follies, the stupid vices, the melancholy pretences, and the ineffable rogueries of the hour, are what you are in the field to fight. These you assail with showers of small-shot, leaving the Great Questions like Ossa-what-d'ye-call-him, and the Condition of Erie, and the Progress of the Central Park, to the bigger bores of the leading papers. The little sharp sentences do sting! They fly wide and cut in unexpected quarters, and bring down unchallenged game; or they blister the whole bloated face of some giant of iniquity or wrong, till he cries out with the smart; while the fourteen-inchers of the heavy dailies go hurling straight to their mark, missing a great deal of excellent food for powder on the way, and hitting a spot which sometimes is the one only spot impenetrable in armor. Another good thing to be said is, that your style favors the interests of the people who are engaged in the agreeable literary task of getting up a scrap-book. Your good things positively leap into the jaws of the scissors. I suppose that is one reason why so many of your articles reappear (too often in a grievous state of decomposition) in other journals, accredited to that divine myth, Exchange. And another argument for the style is, that it gives that estimable print the *Day Book* an opportunity to say (I refer to the interesting column on another page headed THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS), "For the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, sententious, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the humbugs,"—a remark which quotes with great force, and embodies an indirect recognition of those flowers of innocence and piety that are a perennial aroma in the nostrils of your friends and acquaintances, which must be a recompense for many a silent sacrifice and many a patient labor. But the argument that gives your case to the impartial twelve, I take it, is this: the style is unlike as possible that of Mr. Edward Everett. The little tuts of opinion have got to stand on their own bottoms. There can be no circumlocution—no stealing a man's breath and his reason with it, and leaving him blindfolded in the fog—no rhetorical special-pleading—no dodging around the corners of great paper-houses. This is a glory, indeed. I believe, thus, I have presented the case fairly in its strength. I oppose the various arguments in your behalf, with the simple remark that I like long sentences. The accomplished printers will in my orisons be remembered, if they regard my wish to go in long and not short.

The Adjective.

I need not say what I mean. I mean 'immense.'

'IMMENSE!'

That is our representative part of speech. 'Sweet,' 'horrid,' and 'awful,' have their constituents, but they are decreasing rapidly. For a while we looked to 'shocking' with a fond hope, but it is now limited almost exclusively to young ladies in their first millinery throe, and young gentlemen experiencing the tribulations and the "crescent grandeurs," (I quote Mr. Fry, of the Cooper Institute,) of their first felt. 'Great' has struggled bravely. It still has undisputed sway in the bills of the theatres, and it has its own way on the Fourth of Julies,—O! it belches from a universal crater of patriotism incessantly, then! 'Bully' did well for a short time, but it languishes now even on the East Sides. There is still hope for 'brilliant.' It has the entire Press to uphold it; and especially the musical and dramatic critics. These reliable gentlemen have a never-failing help in time of need in 'brilliant.'

But 'Immense!' is the capstone of conversation. It is the hinge on which Society swings. It is the fragrance which the most cruelly crushed wallflower yields. The desperate diver in the troubled waters of the soiree clutches it from the bottom, and brings it up, and lays it triumphantly shining at his somebody's feet. It sprawls over the whole field of ecstatic commendation, does Immense. I know a man whose epigrams are 'immense.' I know a man whose oyster-stews are 'immense,' and a divinity who is shaping the ends of several friends of mine, and who lives (need I say it?) on the Fifth, whose little feet are unanimously pronounced 'immense,' and I know a domestic of Emerald affinities whose brogue is 'immense.' I have heard the emphasis laid variously on the adjective. I have heard it laid on the first syllable, and on the second, and on the whole word. The exercise is an improving and pleasant one.

"Elkanah Brewster's Temptation."

This is the name of (I think) the best magazine story that has been printed this season. It is in the *Atlantic* for December, and people are asking each other whose it is. So many stories are hollow—polished surface—things, like motes, that you "don't see" unless the brilliancy of style is on them like the sun, and that give you the headache with their eccentricities and mad mysteries, while they give you an ache in another quarter with their dilettante affectations and starved sentiment—that it is good to get a sketch with a clear atmosphere and a plain motive. The style of narrative is natural and beautiful enough to remind one not faintly of "*Adam Bede*," and the local verisimilitude of the picture is striking. The moral is deduced not offensively, nor in the legitimate be-virtuous-and-you-shall-be-happy manner, but it recommends itself heartily. I am sliding into the usual book-notice groove, and will commend "*Elkanah Brewster's Temptation*" to the notice of magazine readers.

LORD LOVELL.

Erie Railroad Dividends

The substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen.

REVOLUTIONARY MANUSCRIPTS.

To the unenlightened it would certainly be the source of considerable astonishment if they could know what a speciality the collection and purchase of manuscripts relating to American History is becoming with a certain class of Bibliopoles.

To them the sight of one of those quaint, time-stained letters or documents, in the crabbed handwriting of our forefathers, or the erect, prim chirography of an amanuensis, carries more interest than the letters of Napoleon to his Empress, or of Burns to Clarinda. Whether this is the result of national pride, or simply of the extreme rarity of such MSS., we are unable to state; such, however, is the case. These remarks are suggested by the examination of a collection of documents of great rarity and value, recently purchased in Europe by Mr. Charles B. Norton, Agent for libraries, etc., in Appleton's Building. Mr. Norton made a tour through Germany, France, England, Ireland, and Scotland, during his six months' visit, and has come back richly laden.

The first curiosity we examined was a map sketched by Benjamin Franklin, and used at the Congress of Paris, in the settlement of Peace between England and America. This map is drawn upon a sheet of paper about six inches by four, turned to a chocolate color by age; it is a curious and unique specimen. Then we were shown autograph letters of Franklin, Adams, Jay, Charles James Fox, and David Hartley (one of the Peace Commissioners); then the treaty between England and America, in nearly 200 letters and documents, bound in six quarto volumes, copied in the handwriting of David Hartley, and extending from April 18th, 1783, to the ratification of the Treaty. Curious matters these. They give you an insight into all the manœuvres of those giant politicians, Fox, Pitt, Franklin, Jay. Here you have George III. giving his directions to the British Commissioner, and pointing out the "importance of a speedy renewal of Commerce," next the Passport of the Commissioner, signed by Louis XVI., then the memorandum for the definitive treaty, and so on, forming a collection of diplomatic matter, such as is rarely met with.

We were next shown what is called the Livingstone Correspondence, being letters addressed to Gov. Livingstone, comprised in seven large folio volumes, handsomely mounted, and elegantly bound in Turkey morocco. Here was a surprise. To us who had seen but two or three autographs of Washington, and those sold at auction at prices alarming even to autograph collectors, the sight of 29 letters of Washington, all of them with autograph-signatures, and many entirely in his hand writing, was startling. We turned over the leaves, and found letters from Arnold, Burr, Boudinot, Clinton (Sir Henry), Count de Grasse, Baron de Kalb, Generals Gaines, Greene, Lee, Moultrie, and Wayne, the Marquis Lafayette, Count de Rochambeau, Lords Rawdon and Cornwallis, Baron Steuben, Duke Lauzun, Col. Trumbull, and in fact, hundreds of names whose mention called up memories of feats of arms, or of grand enterprises taught us in our earliest childhood. And not only were these MSS. interesting as autographs, but they contained a fund of historical facts, many of which are unpublished, and all curious. There were letters from England in the early part of the Revolution, giving the British feeling, and speaking of the complicity of Russia; letters telling the sad tale of ill-treatment of prisoners; Governor Trumbull upon the public credit; Robert Harper's reference to the "*pretended* State of Vermont; Washington's opinion with regard to exchange of prisoners, to his attempted assassination, levies wanted, etc. Then we have letters giving the proceedings at the trial of Aaron Burr; disorders in the army; letter from prisoners in the old Sugar-House; account of the taking of Charleston; Steuben's offer to resign; then Arnold's famous letter from the "Vulture," commencing: "The heart which is conscious of its own rectitude." But volumes might be written upon these letters, and we cannot occupy more of our space in their description. We were also shown many rare and curious maps of America. One representing California as an Island, was dated 1570. Another gave a picture of New York City in 1650, the oldest one known, and of which only one other copy is supposed to exist; the city then extended to Canal street, being bounded on the North by *the Fresh Water Pond*, so called. We would advise those who wish to spend a few hours pleasantly as well as profitably, to examine Mr. Norton's collection.

To Destroy the Massachusetts Liquor Laws.
Burnham.

"Testimony of the Rocks."
An heiress on the witness-stand.

The Great Tribulation
Cumming.

Serious Charge.
Pew-rent.

High-bred Dog.
The skye-terrier.

The Virginia hue and cry.
Brown.

"Still"-Life.
Eau de vie.

The Colossus of Rhodes.
The Great Central Park Drive.

— An Irish newscarrier (says *The Builder*) who sometimes courts the Muses, has given his idea of the church-building taste of the people of America in the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

> They rate up a front to the street,
> Like solid Westminster Abbey;
> But then they thinks to chate the Lord,
> And builds the back part shabby.

Literary Notes.

— We learn by an advertisement in the *Tribune*, that "Mr. Bayard Taylor has just returned from his California tour in behalf of the N. Y. *Mercury*." How kind o' him.

— The London *Publishers' Circular* says, it is reported that the author of "A Good Fight,"—which was somewhat abruptly concluded in *Once a Week*,—will publish it in a separate form, considerably altered and extended.

— Rev. W. H. Channing, of Liverpool, it is said, has reconsidered his acceptance of the call to the Thirteenth Congregational Church of Boston, and will remain in England.

— Henry Ward Beecher charges that in the American edition of Spurgeon's Sermons, his sentiments on Slavery, contained in the English editions, have been suppressed. The *Independent* says: "A friend who has compared the English and American editions, assures us that it is true."

— The London correspondent of the Manchester *Times*, says:

Those in the secret are anticipating with considerable curiosity the renewal of the controversy as to the antiquity of Mr. Collier's famous amended folio of Shakespeare. This time the matter will be dealt with, not by the mere cursory treatment it could alone receive from letters in the *Times*. A huge pamphlet is in preparation, going minutely into the authencity, not merely of this, but of other important documents used by Mr. Collier in his editions of the poet's works; and, without prejudging the case, it is evident, from the men who are united in questioning them, that the learned editor will be put upon his mettle in defence of his authorities.

— It is said that the new monthly about to be issued in London, under the editorial charge of Mr. Thackeray, is to be entitled *The Cornhill Magazine*. His chief collaborateurs are to be James Hannay, Sala, H. Sutherland, Edwards, and Mr. Dallas. Mr. Sala is to commence with a series of papers on "Hogarth and his Times."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Little Patti.

A début on Thursday. An off-night. People full of turkey and champagne. A bit sleepy, and not a bit enthusiastic.

Little Patti stirred them up with an exceedingly long pole, sharpened at both ends.

The Oldest Man saw it, and forgot his gout in his wild excitement. (He'll remember, to-morrow.)

I saw it.

Anna Maria saw it to an immense extent.

People saw it who are not in the habit of seeing anything, having already seen almost everything, and found nothing in anything.

She is a fresh petite Pate de Foies Gras, with Truffes of Perigord, and a great many more in a given quantity than you generally get.

If she had made her début at Solferino, or any other place in Italy, the people would have gone wild, and broken things all to pieces.

Here is a young girl, only sixteen, who sings like a thorough artist, doesn't scream, takes E flat as if she had plenty more of it, and has the sweetest, freshest voice in the world.

She has a fine future. I enroll her among my proteges. She is the best operatic stock going, and like Panama, is bound to have a sudden rise.

The managers of the Academy have got a splendid sensation in this brown little girl, with the magnificent black hair; the fine, large, Italian eyes, and the most charming mouth in the world.

She is not unlike Piccolomini, so far as having the material for a popular pet is concerned, but sings a hundred times better than that delicious little humbug.

En avant, little Patti! Go forward in your flowery career! The next few years of your life will be crowded with the triumphs, which wealth, taste, and culture, award to art in one of its most delightful forms.

I can promise you, between the managers, and the other prime donne, and your lovers (I beg you to understand that I don't mean people whom you love), and other things too numerous to mention, you'll have a delightful time of it.

Room there, you veterans of the coulisses, you heroines of an hundred fights, with more scars than decorations, and more airs in your heads than in your throats, room for little Patti!

La Reine de l'Opéra!

Vive la Reine!

I don't mind confessing that I went to sleep over the *Magic Flute*, *Die Zauberflote*, or *Il Flauto Magico*, for the management with its customary liberality don't mind what they call it. So did almost everybody else.

Everybody else, in point of fact, except Bergmann, Burkhardt, and the Teutonic cricket, who never washes his face, always wears long hair, and a dirty shirt, and thinks he looks like Schiller.

The Oldest Man came out strong for the *Magic Flute*. It seems he heard it in Europe, or somebody else heard it, and told him it was a splendid thing.

So he patronized the subscriber about it. He said now you will hear something fine—a great work, sir; none of your modern trash, gotten up for the music shops; but a grand thing, an immortal thing, a magnificent thing.

Mozart, sir, remarked the old gentleman, taking another glass of sherry (City Hotel stock), Mozart was a great man; but you new school, Music of the Future fellows, can't see it.

No, I remarked mildly, we can't.

And I say, continued the Venerable, I say that the Music of the Future ought to be played by-and-bye, when, perhaps, they may understand it; though I'm —— if I believe they *ever* can.

More sherry.

I replied, briefly, that perhaps it might be as well if the Music of the Past had been buried with its composers.

The old gentleman laughed, but he hasn't asked me to dine since.

A harmless mot cat me out of '48 Lafitte, and Duff Gordon sherry.

Be warned, ye youths, etc.

However, the Oldest Man could only stand the first act, and then kept himself awake by taking snuff and looking at Butt.

As for A. M., who is quicker at slang than at her irregular verbs, she says that the *Magic Flute* is a good opera, "if a man don't care what he says."

She has, however, recommended to my notice a young man from Boston, who is looked upon, in his boarding-house, as a great musical amateur, and a gentleman of fine literary talents.

This opinion has been arrived at from the most conclusive evidence. Thus:

He came from Boston.

He has yellow hair, green eyes, and a chalky complexion.

He wears spectacles.

He plays the piano.

He always appears in black clothes.

He has only one lung.

His general health is "poor."

He writes for the *Ledger*.

He never pays the landlady until he has been driven into a corner.

He goes to Pfaff's.

This rising young man has written for me a splendid highfalutin criticism upon the *Magic Flute*.

I can only give a brief extract, and intend to send the balance of the MS. to the *New American Cyclopædia*.

Here:

"In the art-warm metropolis of down-trodden Austria, seventy years ago, arose one of the mightiest genii of modern times,

"Col. Wolfgang Mozart!

"Born of poor, but respectable parents, he never kept a coupé, like Brignoli and Mrs. Hoey, but he did better.

"He composed the *Magic Flute*, and gave the MS. to his friend Stigelli, to be produced by his admirer, Ullmann.

"'Lo,' said Mozart to Ullmann, 'let the Star Spangled Banner wave over one of my scores and I shall die content.'

"At that moment, there entered a mysterious stranger, who saluted the composer with profound respect.

"'I am commanded,' he said, 'by a person of rank to'—

[See American First Class Book for the yarn about the Requiem.]

"'I am confident,' continued Mozart, after the stranger had made his deposit and retired, 'that I shall never survive *The Magic Flute* and *The Requiem* together.'

"'I shall die bequeathing my fame to Carl Formes, for whom I wrote nearly all my operas. I hope he will produce them in Boston.'

"Such are the romantic and touching circumstances under which this great work has been presented. It is one of the liveliest efforts of a refined and tender sensibility, and will, therefore, have a great success in Boston.

"It commences with an overture, which is written for all the instruments, and played by most of them. The overture is a noted specimen of the idiosyncratical developments, and the manipulative skill of the composer. The tender tones of the clarionets, alternate in pastoral harmony with the plaintive movements of the violins, while the effect of the sub-dominant fifths in four extra basses, with the ensemble of the scintillating kettle-drums, make up a coup d'œil which is rarely experienced anywhere except in Boston.

"In the vocal score, we find a superfluity of melodic gems, all distinguished for their contrapuntal execution and fugacious harmoniousness.

"There is a choral of grand resonancing, in various kinds of time, according to the relations of the conductor and the chorus-master; this is the finest thing I ever heard anywhere except in Boston.

"The singers were not so good as those of the Handel and Haydn Society. Madame Colson has an elaborate bravura which contains a high note (F in alt.), and she did not sing it. All the Handel and Haydn soprani sing F in alt.,—continually carry it about, in fact, in their reticules and things."

[Here the cultivated youth (the finest critic in the country, sir), begins to grow exceedingly transcendental, and consequently a little mysterious; so I reserve him for the *Cyclopædia*. Look out when they get to M——. It is a very good thing for the Appletons, who, as I understand, pay for manuscript as people in Wall street buy their libraries—by the lineal foot.]

Small Matters.

Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothern) has been suing Miss Laura Keene for a breach of contract. The latter has a verdict for some rent which is owed to her, not by Sothern, but by another person, to whom she (Miss Keene) had sub-let her theatre.

The affair reminds me very forcibly of the mot of an old lawyer, who used to say that there were two things utterly inscrutable: one, the decrees of Divine Providence; the other, the verdict of a petit jury!

Mr. Lester Wallack is preparing an English of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*.

The play will be in six tableaux, and the distribution will include all the prominent artists of the theatre.

The Wife's Secret is still attractive at Laura Keene's.

Next week, at the French Theatre, there is to be a benefit for Mannstein, the jeune premier. M'lle Dupont has volunteered, and the piece de resistance of the the evening will be *La Closerie des Genets*, a drama by Frederic Soulie. It has been adapted in English, under the title of *The Willow Copse*.

The immortal T. Placide has returned to town, as handsome as ever.

Mr. Brougham's comedy, *Romance and Reality*, has been revived at Wallack's, and has been found very attractive. Mr. Brougham has a benefit this evening, and plays *D. Bridgeaddery* in *J. Bull*.

Mr. Walcot is to have a benefit at Wallack's, next week. He will play, for the first time, *Lord Oxleby* in *The Clandestine Marriage*.

Edwin Booth, a tragedian of some cleverness, and a great deal of notoriety, has been playing an engagement at Boston, and if we may judge by certain publications in the *Sunday Times* of this city, has made many conquests among the ladies of the modern Athens. Actors always have one ardent admirer. One man who flatters and toadies them. One man who swears by them. One man who puts himself in a pose before them, and says, like Captain Edward Cuttle, "there's a head." The "Vagabond" of the *Sunday Times* is the special and exclusive admirer of E. Booth.

And to show what a great man E. Booth is, the Vagabond prints the letters which "Roscius" receives from bread-and-butter school-girls, who write the same things to Snooks, the walking gentleman at the Museum, the Lord Fits-Clarence Foozle in all the farces, only that Snooks has no Vagabond so stupid as to print them for him.

Why don't Mr. Jordan and Mr. Lester Wallack print their correspondence, edited by the Vagabond?

It would make a splendid holiday souvenir. The ladies might not feel flattered, but that's no matter.

The Heron plays on Monday, at the Winter Garden, for the benefit of Mrs. Bourcicault. The sensation drama, *Pauline*, is to be acted. The rehearsals of Mr. Bourcicault's new piece have commenced. Mr. G. W. Consuelo Jamison, and Mrs. G. C. Howard, the original *Topsy*, have been specially engaged for the colored elements in it.

S. Cowell commences operations at the Theatre Français on next Monday night. The advertisements say that S. C. is "excruciatingly" funny.

According to the best lexicographical authority, excruciate is from the Latin excrucio, from crux, a cross, and means to torture, to torment, to agonise, to put to severe pain.

If S. C. intends to do this it is wrong, and pious Pillsbury ought to interfere.

I see no reason why I should not dine on Thanksgiving Day as well the proteges of the Five Points Mission.

This alimentive tendency on my part, will abbreviate the Feuilleton, a fact which will, without doubt, be especially agreeable to your readers, who perhaps will wish that some one would give me a good dinner every Thursday.

So will the subscriber ever pray.

PERSONUS.

Contents of Magazines.

Colburn's United Service Magazine, and Naval and Military Journal for November, contains: The Armed Peace; Manning the Navy; The Franco-Spanish League; Harbors of Refuge; Relative Strength of France and Germany; Our Policy with China; The Order of the Bath; The American Commander's Despatch; Colonization of India; The Chinese War of 1858; The Foreign Troops of France; The Defences of Turkey; From Camp to Quarters; Russian Official Description of the River Amoor; The First Anniversary of Balaklava; Cannibalism in Western Africa.

Macmillan's Magazine [edited by David Masson], No. I., contains: Politics of the Present, Foreign and Domestic, by the Editor; Tom Brown at Oxford, by the author of "Tom Brown's School-Days; Paper, Pen, and Ink, an Excursus in Technology, by Professor George Wilson; William Cobbett, a Rural Ride, by G. S. Venables and the late Henry Lushington; Moral Aspects of Mr. Tennyson's Idylls, by J. M. Ludlow; Cheap Art, by F. G. Stephens; The Crisis of Italian Freedom, by Franklin Lushington; Colloquy of the Round Table.

Bentley's Miscellany for November contains: Ovingden Grange, a Tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., Part I.; Gurney, or Two Fortunes, a Tale of the Times, by Dudley Costello, Chaps. XIV. to XVIII.; The French Almanacks for 1860; A Fish Out of Water; Notes on the Ionian Islands (Corfu); French and English Female Dress; The Day-Dream of the Doctor's Boy, by Walter Thornbary; Slander and Sillery, or How a Paris Lion was Hunted, by Ouida, Chaps. IV. and V.; Of Old Actors, a Plea for the Dramatic College, by Monkshood; A Return Ticket to Paris, by Lascelles Wraxall; The Lesson of the Leaves, by Markham Thorpe; From Evolena to Zermatt, Passage of the Col d'Erin, by Capt. J. W. Clayton.

The Knickerbocker for December contains: Major Grumbo's Surprise Party; The All-Life; The Heart-History of a Heartless Woman, by Mrs. S. P. King, concluded; Thirty Pigeons in Thirty Days; Tea and Coffee; Madam Wharton, or Ballroom Can-can; A Weary Thing; Steaming on the Santa Maria; My Friend the Professional; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

Harper's Monthly for December contains: Washington in 1859, illustrated; Holidays in Costa Rica, by Thomas Francis Meagher, illustrated; Insects Destructive to Wheat, Illustrated; The Enchanted Titan, by Fits-James O'Brien; An Armistice; The Fortune-Teller, illustrated; The Great Library of Stonebergh, by Caroline Chesebro'; Our Old Pew; Wisdom and Goodness, by R. H. Stoddard; Regular Habits, by Fits Hugh Ludlow; Notes of Charles Lamb to Thomas Allsop, by George William Curtis; "Veni Vidi Vici;" A Bit of Angling, by Edward H. House; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Spriggins's Voyage of Life; Fashions for December.

The Atlantic Monthly for December contains: The Experience of Samuel Abraham, Pilgrim, by Sheldon; The Minister's Wooing, by Mrs. Stowe; The Northern Lights and the Stars; Thomas Paine in England and in France; Elkanah Brewster's Temptation, by Miss Priscilla Azbell; Magdalena, by Rose Terry; "Strange Countries for to See," by Dr. J. W. Palmer; Beauty at Billiards, by Edward H. House; Italy, 1859; The Aurora Borealis, by George B. Perkins; The Professor at the Breakfast-Table, by O. W. Holmes; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

The Quarterly Review, No. CCXII., contains: Architecture of All Countries; Progress of New Zealand; Geography and Mappography of the Bible; Stellas, and their Effect on the Working Classes; The Order of Nature—Baden Powell; Farm Weeds; Tennyson's Poems; Orchard Houses; The Three Bills of Parliamentary Reform.

Fraser's Magazine for November contains: Pitt and Canning—Fifty Years of Political History, by Shirley; Indian Finance; Holmby House, by G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand," Part XI.; Sir James Stephen—In Memoriam; Religious and Philosophical Guides—Manuel and Maurice; Sketches framed in Olive Wood; Sword and Gown, by the author of "Guy Livingstone," conclusion; Alison's "History of Europe from 1815 to 1852," Second Paper; Lambard Kingdom Brunel—In Memoriam; Napoleon the Liberator; Hallucinations; Has Political Freedom Receded?

The Dublin University Magazine for November contains: French Military Matters; Baron Munnefeather; Artist and Craftsman, Part V.; The Marshals of Napoleon the Great; Italian Notes in July and August, 1859—Magenta, Milan; Jacques Van Artevelde, by Professor de Véricour; Heinrich Heine; University Essays, No. VII. The Vatican Manuscript, by Rev. Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D.; The Season Ticket, No. VIII.; Our Neighbors and distant Relations; W. M. Thackeray.

Blackwood's Magazine for November contains: The French on Queen Mary; Vaughan's Revolutions in English History; The Lock of Ladysmede, Part IX.; Discovery of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, the supposed Source of the Nile, From Capt. J. H. Speke's Journal, Part III.; A Week in Florence; The Idylls of the King; On Allied Operations in China; The Future of India and her Army.

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SATURDAY, Nov. 26,

When will be presented

Colman's superb Comedy of First time in two years,

JOHN BULL,

with a curiously fine cast,

BEWARE!

Job Thornberry.....Mr. Blake
Hon. Tom Shuffleton.....Mr. Walter Wallack
Dennis Bulgruddery.....Mr. Brougham
Dan.....Mr. Walcot
Peregrine.....Mr. John Dyott
Sir Simon Rochdale.....Mr. Moore
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ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

IN AID OF THE

CHARITABLE FUND.

OF THE

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

WINTER GARDEN,

Saturday, Nov. 26th, 1859.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.

The entertainment will commence with the favorite drama of "ESMIKE," by the talented company of the Winter Garden, followed by the NATIONAL ANTHEM, by Miss Gellie, Mr. Henri Drayton, and Mr. Perring. Together with the effective Chorus of the Winter Garden.

DUETT:

"When morning light is beaming."....Kuchen.

By the Misses Gellie.

BALLAD:

"Adelaide."....Beethoven

Mr. E. Jones.

After which, the Parlor Opera of

LOVE'S LABOR LOST,

By Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton,

Who have kindly offered their services on this occasion. Mr. Drayton will introduce, in this piece, the favorite song of

SIMON THE CELLARER.

The entertainment to conclude with the laughable farce of

MOLON SHINGLE.

By Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Jefferson.

Tickets, $1 each, to all parts of the house; can be had at the Theatre; at the Music stores of Wm. Hall & Son, and Mr. Brensing, and of the Committee.

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Will have the honor of appearing, for the first time, in New York, on Monday, Nov. 28th, 1859,

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IN

SEVEN

of his

ORIGINAL! IMMITABLE! CHARACTERISTIC!

and excruciatingly funny

IMPERSONATIONS!

His series of performances will be continued every

MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY, and
FRIDAY ev

THE GALLOWS-GOERS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Up and make ready, ye lovers of fun!
On with your holiday dress and be gay!
Now that the Sheriff has work to be done,
Business with pleasure he mingles to-day.
Some may go hunting with guns; and a few,
Fools in their hands, little fish may pursue;
Ours is the sport which is sanctioned by Law,
We go a hanging—a hanging! Hurrah!

Two months ago, on a rare, drunken bout,
Billy, his comrade, the criminal slew;
Murder's a deed that is vile, without doubt—
Ergo—the Law will turn murderer too!
As to the place where the liquor he got—
Liquor which maddened him—yonder's the spot;
Sammy, who keeps it, approves of the law,
He goes for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Bright shines the sun, on the place where you see
Yonder tall gallows substantial and bare;
Wait a few hours, and a fellow will be
Dancing fandangoes of fun in the air.
Gathered in groups at the gallows, behold
Parents and children, maids, wives, young and old,
Waiting the time when the halter shall draw;
They go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Pickpockets, plenty are—mark how they go
Slyly and coolly to work at their trade!
Business is business, and people must know
Too much attention to that can't be paid.
Swearing, and fighting, and kicking, the crowd
Utter their blasphemous curses aloud—
Righteous example is set by the law;
Good comes from hanging—from hanging! Hurrah!

Look at the criminal! please ye to look,
Standing beside him, the hangman you see:
There is the priest with his gown and his book—
Galloping gaily, they go to the tree.
Thanks to the priests, who the hangman befriend,
Choking such knaves as 'twere labor to mend.
Hanging, they say, is LEVITICAL law;
Cheers for the clergy—they're CHRISTIANS! Hurrah!

Firmly and proudly, the culprit looks round,
Hobbing his head with a satisfied air;
Murmurs applauding go over the ground,
Down pops the priest with the felon to prayer
"How interesting his looks are!" says ANN.
"Yes!" answers SAL, "and he'll die like a man!"
Elegant talk for young maidens, but—pshaw!
Shout for the hanging—the hanging! Hurrah!

Prayers are all finished, and now for the fun;
Over his features the cap has been drawn;
Kerun, and his comrade the preacher, get down;
Crack! goes the whip, and the carriage moves on
Wonderful sight for the Christian to see;
Merrily dancing on nothing is he.
Though there's no fiddler a hornpipe to saw,
Light are his leaps—he's a hanging! Hurrah!

After the rope has been severed in twain,
Home go the people, and joyfully sing,
Heaven will receive whom the gallows has slain,
Does not the clergyman settle the thing?
Home go the people, and talk of it all,
Children in nursery, servants in hall;
Bun hangs the cat, in the manner he saw
Hung at the gallows, God's image! Hurrah!

Rouse ye, good clergymen, servants of God!
Stand by my side while I fight for your fun;
Hanging preserves us from shedding of blood;
Remedy like it, there never was one.
Rally your forces, thump pulpits, and be
Clerical guards of the good gallows-tree!
What if our SAVIOUR denounces the law?
You go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

CROSSBONES' FATHER.

BY C. P. WILLIAM.

Whenever a new fellow came to MacLaren's, he was sure to be pumped pretty dry without loss of time, as regarded his name, his father's occupation, and the number and appearance of his sisters. Other points were discussed more at leisure.

MacLaren's, you must know, was situated in a village a few miles out of Liverpool; there were nearly sixty fellows there, so you may be sure several of them had made up their minds to go to sea as soon as ever they left school: and as two or three of these slept in my bedroom—the "juniors'" room—that will account for what took place there after old Wiggy took away the candle every night. Old Wiggy was the French master, and if you could have seen his head—well, never mind.

Among the other impositions on parents which were set forth in MacLaren's prospectus,—none of which were ever kept to, except perhaps the "experienced dentist," who used to come every half, and take out all the best double-teeth in the fellows' heads,—among these, I say, it was stated that "a library of well-selected books is provided for the use of the young gentlemen." Now I appeal to any one who went there, if there ever was a greater crammer than this. What does well-selected mean, I should like to know? Are "Principles of Geology," or "Life of Rev. Benjamin Bubb," or "General Gazetteer" or "Treatise on Conic Sections," well selected? I suppose next they'll call the Latin Grammar and Arithmetic a well-selected library of books. To be sure, there were two or three old volumes of the "Waverly Novels," but as they were all the middles of the tales, of course that took a good deal from the interest of reading them. The only two really good books in the lot were "Curiosities of Nature and Art," and "Lives of Buccaneers and Pirates." These two were always in the hands of some of the "juniors," and were read out in the bed-room so often, that at last we could have done almost as well without the books as with them. (Whoever read them had to sit on the floor in one corner with the candle partly under a bed for fear of surprises.) The "Pirates" was, of course, the greater favorite of the two; and Calomel, I do really think, knew it all off from one end to the other, and was always persuading fellows to walk the plank by means of a bolster off the beds on to the floor, and building caves with the bed-clothes. He got tired of that after he was pulled out of his cave one night by MacLaren, and walked into with a slipper. The fellows were sorry for old Calomel, of course, but it was great fun for them, and they couldn't help larking him a good deal about the idea of a pirate being had out of his cave and slippered. Well, this brings me to what I was going to say. One night, in the middle of a half, after we had gone to bed, MacLaren came into our room with a candle and a new fellow. He told us the new fellow's name was Hartley; waited till he undressed; watched him into bed with little Binns, next bed to Calomel, wished us good-night and told us to go to sleep, and left us. Go to sleep! O yes, I dare say! The minute the sitting-room door was heard to slam upon MacLaren, you may fancy, if you can, the volley of questions directed at Binn's bed.

The new chap was very talkative: said he had been living with his aunt in Yorkshire for years, but that she having suddenly got married, he had been sent home to Liverpool, and thence to Mac's. Had both brothers and sisters, but having been so little at home didn't know much about them. He asked if Mac was very strict; and when we said "we believed him; wasn't he, just?" he said he was afraid it wouldn't suit him, for that he had been used to his own fling in Yorkshire: and then went on to that extent about guns, horses, and dogs, that Calomel at last asked him, rather drily, if he had nothing left to show for all this? He replied that he had a watch which his aunt had given him.

"Oh," says Calomel, "a watch is nothing: my father has two, a chronometer and a repeater."

"And mine," retorted the new chap, "has three."

In short, it became a regular bragging-match between the two; and if the new fellow told as many lies as to our certain knowledge Calomel did, why he was a pretty good hand at it, that's all. In spite of all Dobbs could say, though, the new chap always trumped his best cards; when Dobbs mentioned a pony at home (which we knew he hadn't got), Hartley was down on him with his aunt's stables; and when Calomel spoke of a pistol which he possessed, the other declared that Dobbs should only have seen the rabbit-shooting in Yorkshire, and moreover stated that there were hanging up in his father's house in Liverpool two guns, four pistols, and a sword, of which he intended to avail himself during the next holidays.

"By the bye," said Calomel, rather sneeringly, (and we all at once remembered that the question hadn't been asked before, but it was out of all rule, you see, a fellow coming in in the dark;) "what is your father?"

"My father?" said the new chap very quietly, "oh, he's a pirate."

"A what?" shouted Calomel, jumping straight upright in bed, and so loud, that the other had only time to repeat in the same matter-of-fact way, "A pirate," before we heard old Mac come out of the sitting-room, and along the passage to our door. Down went Dobbs in such a hurry, that we heard his head go with a great bang against the bed's; so that he couldn't help giving a loud "Oh!" though the rest of us were breathing very hard, to make believe we were asleep.

Mac called out that if he heard any more noise, he would do what should keep us awake for some time, and then went off.

More would very likely have been said then, so great was the sensation caused by the new fellow's declaration, but as we didn't hear Mac's sitting-room door shut again, we couldn't tell but that he was somewhere listening.

Not that there was anything of the sneak in Mac; only he liked to catch fellows at it. Very different to old Wiggy, whose real name was Girard, and who was hated by everybody for coaxing (or cogling as we used to call it) till he got something against the fellows, and then making their knuckles black and blue with a big doorkey. There was no time to say much next morning, for every one always lay in bed as long as he dared after the first bell rang, and had only time to jump into his clothes, and get down to prayers before the second bell stopped. Calomel just asked once during dressing, so as to prevent any mistake, "What did you say your father was, last night, you sir?" But the reply was just given in the same cool way, "A pirate." Calomel said no more.

After breakfast, however, a lot of us got together in the playground, and talked the matter over. The existence of pirates was beyond question; there was no reason to doubt that they possessed sons like other people, and perhaps left their businesses to them; but we were not aware of any recorded case in which such sons had been sent to a "classical and commercial academy," as Mac's was called in the prospectus. We couldn't help allowing, however, that the new fellow's manner was favorable and convincing. We argued, too, that if this gentleman was really a pirate, it would account for the possession not only of the three watches, which were doubtless acquired in the exercise of his profession, but also of the guns, pistols, and sword, which would be to him in that case the merest necessaries of existence. In short, most of us inclined to the belief, that the new fellow's story was true; though a few, headed by Calomel, urged that we had only his word for it, and that we knew nothing of him. But then Calomel was jealous, and no wonder: he had been the chief authority on such points for so long, that he wasn't likely to relish giving in, as he would have to do, of course, to a fellow with such advantages of birth.

However, we agreed to ask Hartley more about it, and by way of beginning, we proposed that he should show us the watch his aunt had given him. He pulled it out at once: it was an old silver one, very nearly round, so that it made a great swelling upon his chest, as he wore it in his waistcoat-pocket. It had a great effect on the fellows; it was just such a watch as might have been buried in an iron chest for ever so long: and though it didn't come from his father, but from his aunt, that was nothing; it was in the family. It clinched his story, and we christened him "Crossbones" on the spot. As for the watch, that always was called "Oliver Cromwell," it was so old and solid.

You may be sure we asked Crossbones a good many questions about his father, but at first he didn't seem to think much about the matter; and it was only after a week or two's listening to the bedroom-readings that he began to let out by degrees, and gave us at different times a good many particulars: how that his father's vessel was a regular clipper, carried one hundred guns, had a crew of eighty men (many of them blacks), and was called the Blue Blazer; the guns he thought, when pressed on the point, were from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounders. He stated, moreover, that the meals both of officers and crew were always served on gold plates and dishes, which were mere drugs on board by reason of their abundance; and that the only beverage ever touched was rum with gunpowder in it—all which his father had told him in moments of confidence.

This beats books into fits: and even Calomel felt that he must give in, which he did, and became a great chum of Crossbones. Between them they established a society, of which every member was to swear solemnly not to let out anything;—which he couldn't have done if he wished, as there was nothing to let out. However, we all tied up the ends of our fingers with twine in the bedroom one night, and having pricked them with a quill pen, let them bleed into a gill cup, over which we then took the oath on a prayer-book. The chief rule was, that no member should speak to another member about the society's affairs, without first putting his right fore-finger to the side of his nose, and saying, "Blood!" If all right, the other member put his finger to his nose, and said, "Thunder!" then they both whistled, and then it was all right. Of course everybody knew the other members, but it was necessary to be very particular—societies always are. Crossbones and Calomel were first and second officers, and at first everybody was doing nothing but whistling and blooding and thundering; but after a time it got tiresome, having nothing more to say when you found you were at liberty to speak. Besides, the fellows got into a way of laughing so that they couldn't whistle, and in a short time the society pretty well died out.

Then we took to digging caves, but after one fell in upon little Binns, and as nearly smothered him as a toucher, why that didn't prosper; so we had to fall back upon listening to Crossbones—and some wonderful things he told us. I don't know whether it was from what he heard, or out of his own head, that one of the fellows, who was very clever that way, drew and colored a representation of Crossbones' father, whiskered and moustached, in green jacket edged with fur, red tights, big buff boots, and a brass helmet, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a black banner with a skull upon it in the other. On a cannon close by hung a large blue cloak, supposed to be the means of hiding Crossbones' father's professional dress from the public when he came ashore to visit Crossbones and the rest of the family.

When this picture was shown to Crossbones he shook his head, as much as to say his father was not unlike it, but more so: so the lights were touched up a bit, and so many daggers and pistols hung about the figure that you would have wondered there was room for them.

Well, during the midsummer holidays, as most of our set went out of town, none of us happened to see Crossbones; and when we got back to school, we found to our astonishment that he always fought shy of our favorite subject when it was brought up, took no interest in the bedroom stories, and gave up the presidency of the society, thereby settling it altogether. None of us could make out what had come over him (though the idea was started at one time that his father had been caught and hanged), and he lost a good deal of popularity; and I do believe none of us would have cared to see him in the holidays, but that on the last night of the half he redeemed his character nobly, by volunteering to put eight-and-seventy cock-chafers in old Wiggy's bed. Wiggy had quarrelled with Mac, and was leaving; and when next morning he came stamping with rage into the schoolroom, and called out to Mac, "Sare, dey have put cossects een my bed!" we all felt that Crossbones was indeed still our friend, and we made it up to meet him the first Thursday after we got home.

When we met on that day—Crossbones, Calomel, I, and two other fellows—the first question was what we should do? *We* all voted for going straight down to the river, but Crossbones proposed bathing in an old claypit he knew of, where two people had been nearly drowned, and which was supposed to be forty feet deep in places. Of course that was very tempting, but we thought it too cold for bathing; and at last we settled that it was to be the docks, where, however, Crossbones seemed very unwilling to go. We asked him if his father was at home; but he said, No; he was in the West Indies, or some of those places, or else we might have gone on board his vessel.

On we went, however, and just as we got in sight of the river, a voice called out, "Well, Ned, whither bound, my lad?" and a man caught hold of Crossbones by the shoulder. Crossbones went as red as fire, and didn't know which way to look; but he said, very sheepishly, "Oh, nowhere particular," and was in a great hurry to be off. But the stranger was evidently not in a hurry, and turning to us, he said, "Servant, young gentlemen; schoolmates of Ned's, I expect? I'm his father." How we all stared at him and each other, you may fancy. Here was a man with a red face, dressed in blue pilot cloth, calling himself Crossbones' father. No daggers, nor pistols, nor hangers, nor boots, nor red legs, nor brass helmets. There was the smell of rum about him, it is true, so strong that I was obliged to pull out my pocket-handkerchief and pretend to blow my nose, as he talked to us,—but not a sign of the gunpowder.

Still we all felt, as appeared afterwards on comparing notes, that these things might admit of explanation, and that matters might turn out better than they looked; so when Crossbones' father said to him, "Ned, mayhap these young gents would like to have a look at the little craft," we jumped at the proposal and eagerly followed him down to the pier. We couldn't talk, we were in such a state of expectation, and so not one word was said until Crossbones' father led the way on board a small sloop, rather larger than an ordinary fishing-smack, with a big number 15 on the sail, and which I supposed must be a kind of Captain's boat to the Blue Blazer. But no sooner were we well on board, than Calomel gave a long whistle, and then caught me such a slap on the back as nearly choked me: "It isn't a pirate, but a pilot," says he. And so it was. Crossbones' father was very kind to us; gave us biscuit and rum (which made us very ill afterwards,) and did all he could to amuse us; but nothing could change the horrid fact of his being a quiet, respectable, seafaring man.

Crossbones wouldn't go ashore with us; he told me afterwards that he couldn't have stood our chaff; but I was so sorry for him, that, before I left, I said to him, "Crossbones, what made you tell us those confounded yarns?"

"Well," he said, "when I first went to Mac's I'd been so long in the middle of Yorkshire, that I did'nt know the difference between a pilot and a pirate, and I thought my father *was* one. And when I heard from the book about pirates, I made up what I thought sounded best."

"But about the three watches, and the guns and pistols, Crossbones?"

"Well, then," said Crossbones, irritably, "what did Calomel brag in that way for? I wasn't going to be beaten by him."

Next half, Crossbones, from one cause or another, had about twenty fights with different fellows, and pirates went a good deal out of fashion.—*Once a Week.*

JIMMY'S WOOING.

The wind came blowing out of the West,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West—
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the bisebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With her light foot so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye—
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown—
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
He watched her soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down
Whenever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was as good as gold—
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh! Milly's heart was as good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain—
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden train,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain drops hurried in,
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering in its nest,
And then I'll swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay,
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And the twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

HOW TO THINK.

The late Mr. Bayle St. John, in his excellent biography of Montaigne, thus describes the essayist's manner of "bagging" a thought:

Montaigne made it, as it were, a business to think at his castle. He was ever on the lookout for ideas and images. A thought would suddenly strike him in the family part of his house, and he would often, not having his tablets at hand, hurry across the court and climb his tower, in order to set it down. Experience, however, had taught him that the thought might be lost on the way, whisked out of sight, by some sudden gust of sensation; so he used to take care before setting out to tell it to his wife, his daughter, or anybody else who might happen to be at hand. Imagine a gaping servant-girl of Perigord being entrusted with such valuable deposits! What an amusing revelation is there in all this of Montaigne in his literary character—Montaigne the maker of books. His Essays were never out of his mind! He seems ever to have been employed in meditating and carefully inscribing his thoughts in his brain, so that his manner of speaking to others was constrained, dry, and brief. He hastened back, as it were, to his own thoughts, for fear he should lose sight of them.

Of another of Montaigne's processes of thought the biographer says:

See how surely Montaigne proceeds when he undertakes to develop some moral idea! He knows who have said the best things on the subject. He turns to their pages, reads them over and over again, and perfectly certain that his mind is not enslaved by theirs, makes use of their knowledge as they had made use of the knowledge of their predecessors; gives, perhaps, a touch here, and adds a dint there, and sometimes, having done no more than this, appeals to the judgment of the judicious whether he has not worked well; and cares nothing for the minute critic who follows him with a cry of "Stop thief!"

— The *Eastern Argus*, in stating the effects of the new Maine law respecting divorces, says: On the docket of new entries for the October Term of the Supreme Judicial Court for Cumberland county, there are fifteen libels for divorce. Eleven of these are from the wives and four from the husbands.

— It has been suggested to the French Government to place a fund at the disposition of the *Minister des Beaux Arts*, for the copying of all the chef-d'œuvres of every master, and every time, now in Europe. One object of this measure is to remedy the injury done to art by the decay of the great masterpieces, of which time is fast obliterating all trace, save that left by tradition, of their beauty.

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This literary weekly, now in its second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a Book-List of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued; an admirable chess-column; the best original and selected tales and sketches; spicy and interesting correspondence; a full resume of the week's literary and art intelligence; a very piquant dramatic feuilleton, etc., besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

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From the Schenectady News.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is a paper we add to our exchange list with great pleasure, and hope it will be sent to us regularly. As we want THE SATURDAY PRESS for our own reading, we hope Mr. Clapp will see that his clerk puts the *News* on his regular list. THE SATURDAY PRESS hates indiscriminate puffing as bad as we do, and is doing more for high art and letters than any ten papers in the Union.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
No. 9 Spruce street, New York.

AMERICAN WATCHES
MADE BY THE
American Watch Company,
AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of those celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

DEAR SIR:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15, fast	4 seconds.	Aug. 15, fast	18 seconds.
July 1, "	6 "	Sept. 1, "	23 "
" 15, "	10 "	" 15, "	28 "
Aug. 1, "	16 "	Oct. 1, "	32 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers. GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a bank, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

NORMAN WIARD,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others. JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month. Capt. GORHAM H. BARRETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6939, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 8976, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. STUART.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or misusage of the works."

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NONE NEED BE BALD

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Try it once, and you will surely be satisfied to continue.

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SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

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Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of

$200,000,

and LABOR SCRIPTS, a participation to the extent of

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of

$500,000,

the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of

ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,

must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, direct y to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York

BENJ. H. HOWELLS, President.

ASHER TAYLOR, Vice-President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mort, agee's Interests.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,

WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Per ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, 1857,		30
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,		$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "		649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "		751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "		905,681 84
" Liabilities,		16,514 37

THIRD:—The Insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

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